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"LAGNAPPE."



In New Orleans a practice has long prevailed among marketmen and tradesmen of giving small presents to customers.

The North took up the idea some years ago and has greatly extended it. The grocer and the butcher regularly give lagnappe, though they do not call it by that name, to the hotel steward, the butler and the janitor. The small buyer does not fare so well.

The manufacturer gives it to the purchasing agents of large corporations. That is why a car-wheel foundry may carry a side line of boxes of cigars, cases of wine and cut glass. Trading-stamps and cigar coupons, through which great commercial successes have been achieved, are lagnappe in a systematized form. This Latin-American belief in the efficacy of a gratuity to seal a bargain has indeed become a settled principle of business among us.

But it is in the use of lagnappe by the customer to secure favors from the dealer that we have improved on the Southern practice.

When a railroad wants to buy a franchise from a city it offers lagnappe. When a contractor wishes to get the contract for removing ashes by trolley-cars he offers lagnappe, perhaps to the amount of \$25,000. When a coal company wants cars to haul its coal it gives lagnappe in the shape of a \$5,000 block of stock to a car-distributor and a \$10,000 block to a division superintendent. Sometimes the lagnappe is in cash, sometimes in kind. It may even take the form of a corner lot in a plot a city is about to acquire for improvements.

Altogether, lagnappe is one of the most interesting features of modern business intercourse. Its development will well repay study.

KEEP UP THE FIGHT!

As a result of forty-three convictions in Special Sessions for violation of the smoke ordinance it is officially announced that the nuisance is abated. That remains to be seen. The crusade has been the most vigorous of the kind and the best organized in which the health authorities have engaged. The unprecedented number of convictions cannot but have a most salutary deterrent effect—for the time being.

But if that effect is to be made permanent there must be no relaxation of vigilance. The club must still be held over the head of the offender. The prosecutions must be kept up. The success of the movement for smokeless skies has been too encouraging to permit of its being abandoned to the limbo of sporadic outbursts of official energy.

The new 20,000-ton battle-ship will cost \$10,000,000. That sum would build two twenty-story palace hotels like the New Plaza. It will require \$350,000 a year to pay its complement of 1,000 men and 50 officers, and for supplies, coal, &c., a round million at least. In anticipation of war the nation is spending \$199,000,000 this year. This is the pretty penny it costs to sustain the voracious

An Oil Painting.

By Maurice Ketten.



Why the United States Is What It Is Co-Day.

FOOTSTIPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES. What They Did:

Why They Did It:

What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 26-ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Fighter and Financier. HE green fields to the north of old New York City (long ago blotted out by skyscrapers and asphalt) were black with patriots on the morning of July 1 6, 1774. A monster open-sir mass meeting was in progress. Its object was to force the Tory Legislature to take steps in behalf of the colonists' rights. Suddenly there was a stir in the throng, A man was elbowing his way through to the speakers' platform. A thousand curious eyes turned toward the intruder; then, as he leaped on the platform and faced the crowd, a derisive laugh swept the meeting. For this newcomer was no man, but a boy of seven-

teen, slender, small, handsome, in the dress of a student of King's College (now

Columbia University). But the derision was short-lived. From the boyish

Meteoric Rise Early Fame.

lips rushed a torrent of eloquence that carried along with it the most conservative hearer. The speech was cheered to the echoes. And thus Alexander Hamilton made his entrance to American statesmanship Born in the West Indies, where his precoclous brilllancy secured for him a chance for an American educa-

tion; driven to the colonies on the wings of a storm that almost engulfed his frail ship, the lad was a veritable child of fortune. The speech in the fleids brought him at once to the notice of local patriots, and at eighteen he was a recognized leader in New York politics. At nineteen he was captain of artillery, and so quickly and brilliantly reduced his untrained men to ine military order that he attracted Washington's attention and was appointed

to the Commander-in-Chief's personal staff.

In this nineteen-year-old boy Washington had found a treasure. He loved Homilton as his own son. The latter served him in a thousand ways: as secretary, aide, biographer and confidential commissioner. And so throughout the Revolution Hamilton's star was ever in the ascendant. As swordsman, leader, statesman, diplomat and writer he served, excelling in each. Leaving the General's staff, his last act of martial valor was the leading of a storming party which captured an important British redoubt at Yorktown

Then, having at twenty-six achieved as much as does the average man in a whole lifetime, he left the army, took up the practice of law and almost at once won the highest rank at the New York bar.

The twentieth century is referred to as "the golden age of young men." Yet,

in the Revolution it was young men, not old, who shone forth most brilliantly. Alexander Hamilton, Nathan Hale, Lafayette, Aaron Burr, Andre-all were world-renowned when but little over twenty. Washington was a mere boy when first he won military glory. Jefferson was only thirty-three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Hamilton was chiefly instrumental with pen and voice in securing the adoption

of the Constitution, and was chosen by Washington in 1789 as Secretary of the Treasury for the United States first Cabinet. It was in this latter position that the young genius (only thirty-two years old) won his greatest claim to Ameri-

nation on a solid financial basis. He arranged for the funding system and for taxes to meet it; planned the assumption of State debts, and by many other innovations raised the Treasury's credit from nothingness to an unassallable

his pointed enemies raised a cry of dealing in solution of the charges, retired to private life, where he once more assumed the leadership of the New York bar. So great and so aggressive a man must always make

with Aaron Burr.

nian almost as great and as phenomenally endowed with genius as himself—a man who, like himself, had passed an adventurous boyhood, had won early laurels Revolution and had captured legal and political success From the boyish days when both were on Washing-

te literminer of Na

EYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Two Foes at Once.

(Continued.)

WE were not noticed coming in. The street M. de Lorraine." was quiet."

down the alley into the street. "Not a soul in sight," he said, coming back. "I think we shall not be interrupted. Still, it is wise will close the shutter." to use every care. We will fight, if you like, in

He opened with his knife the fastened shutter and leaped lightly in. Monsieur followed. I, the last, was for closing the shutter, but he stopped

in pitch darkness with M. Lucas."

"Do we fight here?" Lucas asked, facing us in face down the stairs. the wide, square hall. "We can let in more They might mock me as they liked, but I could light."

the stair and mounting steadily, never turning to not three feet off came the soft singing: see how near we followed or what we did with our hands. His trust made me ashamed of our lack. My knees knocked together and the breath flut- ears as I might I heard no movement after me. at heart I could not bring myself to credit him had given tongue. Then came a low laugh and meet my death and a tune had saved me.

We went up one flight, up two. We had left "Here we are, M. de Lorraine. Are you ready?" along the passage and into the room, flinging the springing at his foe. blackness, Suddenly I haited.

"What?" "I heard a noise."

"Of course you did. The place is full of rats."

"It was no rat. It was footsteps." We all three held still.

"There, monsieur. Don't you hear?"

"Nothing, Felix; your teeth are chatter a Cross yourself and come on."

But I could not stand it. "I'll go back and see, monsieur."

"No," Lucas said, striding back from the foo of the next flight. "I will go."

We saw a glint in the gloom, monsteur's barefl

"You will go neither one of you. Hush! If we show ourselves there'll be no duel to-day."

We kept still, all three leaning over the banister, peering down to where the white tiles picked themselves out of the floor of the hall far beneath. We could see them better than we could see one another. All was silent. Not so much as a rustle came up from below. Suddenly Lucas made a step My Young Lord Settles Scores with or two as if to pass us. M. Etienne wheeled about raising his sword toward the spot where from his footfalls we supposed Lucas to be.

"You show an eagerness to get away from me

"Not in the least, M. de Mar. This alarm is but He crossed the court abruptly and went Felix's poltroonry, yet it prompts me to go down and close the shutter."

"On the contrary, you will go up with me Felix

They confronted each other, vague shapes in the darkness, each with drawn sword. Then Lucas

raised his in salute. "As you will, so be some one sees to it."

"Go, Felix." Lucas first, they mounted the last flight of stairs "No; leave it wide. I have no fancy for a walk and their footsteps passed along the corridor to the room at the back. I, as I was ordered, set my

"You seem anxious, my friend, to call attention "You seem anxious, my friend, to call attention below. Cauticusty, with a thumping heart, I stole the height of my terror I remembered that M. Ett. table was pushed against the wall in the corner than be stabled to death. I stuck my head out, the sense to see there was no good arguing. Cryet than be stabled to death. I stuck my head out, the sense to see there was no good arguing. Cryet the height of my terror I remembered that M. Ett. table was pushed against the wall in the corner than be stabled to death. I stuck my head out, the sense to see there was no good arguing. Cryet the height of my terror I remembered that M. Ett. table was pushed against the wall in the corner than be stabled to death. I stuck my head out, the sense to see there was no good arguing. he and of voices; but below not a whisper, not a creak. It must have been my silly fears, Resolved "Not yet, The two of them are up there. Keep to choke them I planted my feet boldly on the next quiet and I'll send the boy down. When you've broken class the sold with scrupulous care some bits of a Would it be possible to jump and catch the sill? over the table like a freshet over a dam. I darted. "With all the willingness in the world," his flight and descended, humming, to prove my ease, finished him come up." regueship answered, setting foot straightway on the relicky tune of Peyrot's catch. Suddenly from "As you say, monsieur. It is your job."

> Mirth, my love, and Folly dearthe muttered words:

bohind us the twilight of the lower story, had not There was a stir of feet on the landing before door shut, locking and bolting it. behind us the twilight of the lower story, had not reached dawn again at the top. We walked in me, behind the voice. The blades met; the men circled about and "Maitre Jacques! We're being murdered! We "The blades met; the men circled about and "Maitre Jacques! We're being murdered! We "The blades met; the men circled about and "Maitre Jacques! We're being murdered! We "The blades met; the men circled about and "Maitre Jacques! We're being murdered! We "The blades met; the men circled about and "Maitre Jacques! We're being murdered!" will be printed on this



"We're being murdered! We can't get out! Help us!"

I turned, scarce able to believe my luck, and, not daring to run, walked upstairs again. Prick my

When I reached the uppermost landing I rushed "Was that your delay?" M. Etlenne shouted,

to your whereabouts. As I am host I designate the fighting ground. Upstairs, if you please."

"I suppose you insist on my walking first." Lucas the same window where I had stood when the fight. I heard plainly the sound of moving above wide open. M. Etienne, barcheaded, in his shirt, of tell apart:

below. Cauticusiy, with a thumping heart, I stole enne's life too depended on my wits, and I kept other at the end of the room. Both shutters were heaped one on another other at the end of the room. Both shutters were the end of the room. Both shutters were wide open. M. Etienne, barcheaded, in his shirt, of tell apart:

Delow. Cauticusiy, with a thumping heart, I stole enne's life too depended on my wits, and I kept other at the end of the room. Both shutters were the end of the room. I will apart the bottom of the other at the end of the room. Both shutters were the end of the room. I will be added.

The end of voices are the end of the room. Both shutters were the end of the room. I will be added.

The end of the room the end of the room the end of the room the end of the room. I was the same window where I had stood when the end of the room the end of the room. Both shutters were the end of the room the end of the room. The end of the room the end of the room the end of the room the end of the room. The end of the room the en broken plate. He sprang to his feet at sight of If I did I could scarce pull myself in.

"What is it?" cried M. Etienne.

"Cutthroats. They'll be here in a minute." of it. I almost believed we did him injustice. Yet tered in my throat. It seemed the darkness its if Actually I had fooled Peyrot. I had gone down to below. My slam of the door had warned them of my lungs: that something was wrong.

"I play to win!" Lucas answered, smiling.

AY-EONARD-

We were doomed. With monsicur's sword for For an instant he stood confounded. Then he only weapon we could never hope to pass the gang. vanished into the inn. In another minute they would be here to batter I waited, on fire. Still from the next room M. Etienne, in the brief moments that remained gaining. to him, could not conquer him, so shrewd and Suddenly came a noise from the passage of strong was Lucas's fence. Must the scoundrel trampling and rending, blows and oaths. My first win? I started forward to play Pontou's trick. thought was that they were fighting out there, Lucas sought to murder us. Why not we him? that rescuers had come. Then as a listened I

im. And the bravos were on the last flight. that,

in the room. One led to the passage, one to the We were lost, lost! dusky figures of four men running up the stairs. | was Lucas who lay prone,

door shut and bolted before they could reach the wrist. But he would not till with Lucas's own landing. The next moment some one flung against misericorde he had given him coup de grace. swords.

I, inside the wall, ran back too. The combat! still raged. Neither, that I could see, had gained knife through the hand, nailing it to the wood, the least advantage. Outside the murderers dashed On the instant he recognized its owner. themselves upon the door.

I dragged at the heavy table, and with a strength packet." that amazed myself pushed and pulled it before the

door. It would make the panels a little firmer. I threw them open. There was no other door to in the garret window were Jacques and his tapthe room, no hiding place. There was a chimney, sters pushing a ladder to us. but spanned a foot above the fireplace by two iron bars. The thinnest sweep that ever wielded broom Go!" could not have squeezed between them.

the Amour de Dieu. And there beside it stood a it all too eagerly. Like a lath it snapped, homespun figure surely known to me. There was Even as I spoke I heard tramping on the stairs no mistaking that bald pate. I yelled at the top

"Maitre Jacques!"

knew me.

of Lucas's cutthroats, the first of them Peyrot. In themselves clearing the space of all obstacles. The about, Lucas, though he preferred to murder, can't get out! Help us, for the love of Christi page in Monday's Evening World,

Our consolation lay in sounded the clash of steel. White shirt and black killing Lucas first. Yet as I watched I feared that doublet passed the door in turn, unflagging, un-

One flash from my lord's eyes and I retreated learned better. Despairing of kicking down the in despair. For I knew that did I touch Lucas M. door they were tearing out a piece of stair rall for Etienne would let fall his sword, let Lucas kill a battering-ram. It would not long stand against

Was there no escape? There were three doors I ran back to the window. No Jacques appeared.

closet, the third- I dashed through to find my- Hark, from the next room a 'cry, a fall! Wellself in a large empty chamber, a door wide open were it Lucas's victory he might kill me as well giving on the passage. Through it I could see the as another. I walked into the back room. But it.

I was across the room like an arrow and got the "Come, come!" I cried, clutching monsieur'and

it. It stood firm. Delaying only a moment to Crash! Crash! The upper panel shivered in shake it, three of the four I could hear run to the twain. A great splinter six inches wide, hanging. further door, whence issued the noise of the from the top, blocked the opening. A hand came through to wrench it away.

M. Etienne, across the room at a leap, drove his

"Good morning, Peyrot. We've recovered that

Not waiting for further amenities I seized my lord and dashed him into the front room, only a Was there no escape? None? I ran once more faint hope to lead me, but the oaths of the bravos. into the second chamber. Its shutters were closed; a good spur. And, St. Quentin be thanked, there

"Go, monsteur! There are four behind uni-

"You first!"

In despair I ran to the window again. Top of But I, who had snatched up his sword as he the house as it was I thought I would sooner leap stabbed Lucas, ran back to guard the door. He had

stood at guard. Lucas was kneeling on the floor, the casement of my garret in the Amour de Dieu. ram and the door fell to flinders. They leaped in to the window. M. Etienne was in the garret help-I looked below me. There swung the sign of ing hold the ladder for me. I flung myself upon

(To Be Continued.)

The final instalment of "The Helmet of Navarre" will appear on this page to-morrows He looked up, gaping at this voice out of the "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurse sky, but, despite his amazement, I saw that he ton, author of "The Gambler," will begin in to-morrow's Evening World in a handsome